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**SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS  
FOR USE DURING THE WEEK**

**EASTER.**

Behold, I tell you a mystery. Undoubtedly the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul are "mysteries." And, because they are, thoughtless people reject them. Now, if this is a good reason, let us reject everything. For, at last, everything is an insoluble mystery. When we want to express our idea of the absolute simplicity of an idea, we say: "It is as plain as two sticks." But nothing can be more mysterious than those very sticks. Once they were living trees, and you can no more understand what that life was than you can understand infinity and eternity. Mystery hovers over all things here below. All are shrouded in a veil. "Every grain of sand is a mystery, so is every daisy in summer, and so is every snowflake in winter. Both upwards and downwards and all arounds us, science and speculation pass into mystery at last." The presence of mystery is no ground for unbelief, it is rather a reason for faith. The commonest facts and laws of nature, the daily provinces of life, are as full of incomprehensibility as the deepest doctrines of religion. A religion without mystery would be as repugnant as a seed without life or a body without a soul. "There is no religion without mystery. God himself is the great secret of nature. To me the beating of my heart, the expansion and contraction of my lungs, the ceaseless flow of thought in my brain, are as staggering as the resurrection of my body after death. It is these very mysteries that are the fuel of faith.—C. F. Goss, in S. S. Times.

**THE EASTER OF THE HUMAN HEART.**

In many a heart on Easter Day  
There is a tomb  
Close shut by stone and seal of grief,  
Enwrapped in gloom.

Dear Christ in Heaven this Easter Day,  
From Thy far throne  
Send angels down to break the seal,  
Roll back the stone.  
—The Independent.

Easter day more than any other day in the round of the year is full of comfort. It brings a message of hope and cheer for the disappointed and the sorrowing. In that country whither our Lord has gone, life's wrongs will be righted, life's miseries forgotten in the abundant and eternal joy of his presence. To the aching heart that longs for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, Easter day bears a sweet assurance of reunion. The empty tomb is the empty pledge of a day yet to dawn: "And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"  
The event celebrated on Easter day is associated not only with the dearest hopes, but with the best interests of humanity. There is no mightier motive in operation among men than the consciousness of immortality. Discredit that and you wreck the dyna-

mo that whirls the wheels of life in its best phases. But the corner-stone of the doctrine of immortality is the stone that was rolled away from the sepulchre's door when Jesus rose from the dead. It is because he lives that I shall not see death.—Pacific Christian Advocate.

**CONTINUAL EASTER.**

The life of a true Christian seems to be continually full of Easters; to be one perpetual renewal of things from the lower to the higher, from their temporal to their spiritual shape and power. This is the true meaning of the self-sacrifice and self-denial with which the Christian's life is filled. You are called on to give up a luxury, and you do it. The little piece of comfortable living is quietly buried away underground. But that is not the last of it. The small indulgence which would have made your one else, will see it—in time. Don't flinch. Keep a undergoes some strange alterations in its burial, and comes out a spiritual quality which blesses and enriches your soul forever and ever. You surrender some ambition which had exercised a proud power over you, in whose train and shadow you had hoped to live with something of its glory east on you. You send that down into its grave, and that, too, will not rest there. You surrender a dear friend at the call of death, and out of his grave the real power of friendship rises stronger and more eternal into your life. So the partial and imperfect and temporary are always being taken away from us and buried, that the perfect and eternal may rise out of their tombs to bless us.—Phillip Brooks.

Keep a stiff upper lip. Your fortune depends on it more than upon mere ability or money. In fact, you can win without either money or ability, if you keep a stiff upper lip.

It is easier to think this than to do it. There may be hollow cheeks at home, debts fast accumulating. When called to defend a position, your whole future may seem to hang on one man's favor. Keep a stiff upper lip.

The beginning of your explanation may offend, another part may not be clear, and finally the whole scheme be pooh-poohed. If you are right he, or some one else, will see it—in time. Don't flinch. Keep a stiff upper lip.

In business, as in politics, men act dual parts. Despite appearances, your scheme may have been favored. Can you represent another man? That is the question. Is it safe to back you with money? Can you keep a stiff upper lip?

Here is where most men fall down. They labor in the slavery of fear. Trust yourself. If you have a good idea, develop it. Await the occasion. Then spring it. Expect the best things. If they don't come at first, remember they will. Just keep a stiff upper lip.

Get into the habit of doing things. Form a league with system. Live one moment at a time. Keep a stiff upper lip.—System.

**SEEKING RE-HEARING.**

Attorneys For Burton Prepare Bill of Exceptions.

St. Louis, Mo., April 2.—Attorneys for the defense in the case of United States Senator J. R. Burton, of Kansas who have been preparing a bill of exceptions to secure a re-hearing since Senator Burton was found guilty Monday, completed the bill today and submitted it to the counsel representing the government. Assistant District Attorney Norton, to whom the bill was given, said the government will, in all probability, have completed its examination of the document by Tuesday at the latest. It will then be returned to the defense, who will file it with the United States district court. If motions are denied sentence will be pronounced on Senator Burton. He will then be permitted to give a new bond, pending his appeal to the United States district court of appeals.

**It Did't Come Off.**

At the rear end of the smoking car a man was holding his hand to his jaw and evidently suffering with tooth ache. He stood it about an hour, and then rose up and demanded of the other twenty passengers in the car:

"Is there anybody here who says that Christopher Columbus discovered America?"

No one answered and he sat down again. Ten minutes later one of the crowd made bold to ask him why he put such inquiry, and he answered:

"I've had the toothache for two full days, and I wanted a chance to call some one a liar and get up a fight."

**UNCLE ELI'S FABLES**

**Lion and the Mouse.**

Once upon a time the King of Beasts who was taking a little walk in hopes to pick up anything fat that might have escaped from the Dime Museum suddenly found himself in a hole. Many a politician has done that and got out with only the loss of his coat-tails, but in this case there was a big fishnet to tangle things up and make climbing out impossible.

After biting and clawing and rolling over for half an hour the Lion gave it up and pictured to himself his skin lying on the library floor of a western beef packer. He had composed his nerves and was ready for the worst when a Mouse who was on his way to town meeting, stopped to see what the row was. Hope rose in the Lion's heart at once and he said:

"You are but a little thing but you have sharp teeth. Would you do me the favor to gnaw through this net in about fifty different places?"

"With all my teeth," replied the Mouse, and he fell to it at once.

Cord after cord was bitten through, and at length the captive got a brace with his hind legs and snapped the remaining cords and was free. He was profuse in his thanks and promises, and it so happened that a week later he looked in at the open kitchen door of a Peasant's cabin and saw the mouse in a trap.

"It is my turn now to appeal to you," said the mouse. "You see the situation I am in, and I am sure that one bite of your strong teeth—"

"Oh, certainly—greatest of pleasure,"

replied the Lion, and opening his jaws he swallowed trap, Mouse and all, and sauntered away to observe:  
Moral: One good turn deserves another, but there always is a chance of overdoing it.

**Wayfarer, Peasant and Ass.**

One day a wayfarer who had reached the foot of a long hill sat down to rest himself before going further and while he was taking his ease a Peasant appeared driving a loaded Ass before him. The beast plodded along willing enough until he found the ground rising sharply under his feet, and then he stood still and refused to budge another foot. The Peasant called him names and made threats, and at length gave him a vigorous beating with a club, but all without avail. As a last resort the Peasant got behind the Ass and after an hour's hard work succeeded in pushing him and his burden up the hill. The Wayfarer had accompanied him at a slow pace, and without comment, and as the brow of the hill was reached the exhausted and irritated Peasant turned on him with:

"You have seen it all and kept still, but now I suppose you have something smart to get off?"

"Nothing extraordinary good," replied the Wayfarer, as he stopped to pick a pebble out of his shoe. "Firstly, had you taken the other road and skirted the hill your Ass and his burden would have been two miles ahead ere this."

"Second, when your Ass balked you lost twenty minutes in swearing in a

language he did not understand, and ten more in administering blows he did not feel.

"Third, when you found he was determined not to proceed you could have removed his pack and carried it up without loss of breath, but you waited to push both Ass and pack. Fourth, having now arrived at the top of the hill, and having done me the honor to ask my opinion of the affair I will say—"

"You'll say that I'm another, of course."

"Nay, friend, I would not put it that way. Rather would I observe that having taken the wrong road and come three miles out of my way I would now hobble down hill again and bring about a family separation."

Moral: "Gosh, but that was a close call for us!" exclaimed the Peasant to his Ass as he gave him a shove to start him homeward.

**Frogs and the Ducks.**

Frogs and Ducks had occupied the same pond for a year or two and got along without the slightest ill-feeling, but when the water began to get low an old Drake called a public meeting of the Ducks and said to them:

"Being that we are the largest and need the most water to swim in, the Frogs should take themselves off to some other place. All in favor of giving the Frogs a hint will please say aye; contrary, no. The Ayes have it, and I will take it upon myself to do some talking at an early date."

Frogs had meanwhile got wind of what was up and also called a public meeting. After considerable talk it was resolved that the ducks ought to go. When notice was served upon each faction by the other there was a hot old time, and it finally was decided to leave it to the farmer to say who should go and who should stay.

"It stands to reason that he must prefer us," replied the Frogs.

Both sides of the case were stated to Uncle Josh at length, and after scratching his head for a while he said:

"I had never thought of it before, but now that you call my attention to it, lemme say that you are both nuisances and ought to be abolished, and I'll use the pond to grow cat-tails and kalamazoo celery."

Moral: There might be a jar for a day or two, but the world could manage to run on if several of us great men died at once. It is when we appeal to others to flatter our usefulness that we find ourselves considered of no use at all.

**Reformed Wolf and Goat.**

One day the wolf, who hadn't tasted goat meat for three months, and was licking his chops over the thought of it, approached the shed wherein William was stabled and called to him that a little conversation was in order. The Goat put his head through an open window and hoped that he saw his old friend as well as he could be expected after a hot summer. The Wolf said his health was all he could ask for, and that he had nothing to worry about, except that his mother-in-law exhibited a slight tendency to go into a decline. Conversation flowed easily for a few minutes, and then the Wolf observed:

"What I came to say to you today was that I have reformed. Yes, after thinking things over I have made a great change in my appetite."

"Gone back on fried oysters?" smiled the Goat.

"Take me seriously, please. I no longer care for goat meat on my menu. This being so—"

"I need not fear you?"

"That's it, exactly. You can come right down here and play with me in my back yard and feel perfectly safe."

"My dear friend," said the goat, after laying in a fresh cud, "I will not take it upon me to deny that you have reformed, as you assert, and that you would, no longer eat me if you could, but as long as you have your teeth left I will feel safest not to give them a chance to shut together on my meat."

"Is it right to doubt my intentions?" pathetically inquired the Wolf.

"It is not, and I do not doubt them. What I doubt is whether your intentions are stronger than your teeth. Ta-ta. Look out for the old man with the gun."

Moral: Gambiers do reform, but they never convince themselves or anybody else of the fact.

**Fleishman Wants Rights.**

Constantinople, April 2.—United States Minister Leishmann has had a special interview with Foreign Minister Tewfik Pasha on the subject of the official recognition of the American schools, hospitals and charitable institutions in Turkey. Mr. Leishmann pressed the foreign minister for a speedy answer to the matter, demanding that the American establishments be given the same status as is granted to similar institutions of other powers.